RELIGIOUS READING.

Blow High. Blow high, ye winds of God, blow high, And sweep the black clouds from the sky, And all the foul air that has birth In the low places of the earth, Sweep them away!

Blow high, ye winds of God, blow high; And all that causeth men to sigh, Sin-cursed oppression, heartless wrong, However old, however strong, Sweep them away!

Blow high, ye winds of God, blow high, The scornful sneer, the shameful lie, The reckless tampering with doubt The foul within, and white without, Sweep them away!

Blow high, ye winds of God, blow high; And all that causes men to die, The gateways leading down to hell, Where men their souls for whisky sell, Sweep them away.

A Prayer for the Country. Almighty God, who in the former time leddest our fathers forth into a wealthy place, and didst set their feet in a large room, give thy grace, we humbly beseech thee, to us their children, that we may always approve ourselves a people mindful of thy favor and glad to do thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning and pure manners. Defend our liberties, preserve our unity. Save us from violence, discord and confusion, from pride and arrogancy, and from every evil way. Fashion into one happy people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those whom we intrust in thy name with the authority of governance, to the end that there be peace at home, and that we keep our peace among the nations of the earth. In the time of our prosperity, temper our self-confidence with thankfulness, and in the day of trouble suffer not our trust in thee to fail. All which

we ask for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Life Everlasting.

A dear mother lay dying. For years past that hoary head had been the crowning glory of home. In all the affairs of family life her advice had been deemed precious; for had she not sought the wisdom that cometh down from above? and the confidence reposed in her judgment was but the evidence of the guiding hand. Through the trying period of young maternity, as through the riper years of motherhood, and when at length others now matured had assumed the burdens it had been hers to carry, and age had silvered the locks and diminished the physical vitality, her trust in the dear Redeemer had deepened and strengthened, until, with the apostle, in cheerful assurance, she could say, "I know whom I have believed." Never had she appeared more beautiful than while waiting the summons to come up higher. Her children, to the fourth generation, had gathered around the bedside. The tenderness and love shown there were but the ripened fruit of her own planting in the years gone by. Grandmother was loved, because mother had first been the all in all. As the last words were spoken to each in turn, in the realization that the parting would be for a little while only, one, surprised at such caimness in the very face of the King of Terrors, exclaimed :-"Why, this is not like death!" "Death!" said the departing saint, as a new light appeared to gleam in the dying eyes, and momentary strength was imparted, "death! why this is life everlasting! In a few moments the spirit had returned to God who gave it - the reality of the Christian hope, the comfort of a childlike trust in Him who has promised us all things, both for this life and that

to come! "Jesu", thou Prince of Life, Thy chosen cannot die; Like thee they conquer in the strife, To reign with thee on high!'

Little Amy.

Rev. M. G. Mann, in the Presbyterian Home Missionary, relates the following incident in connection with the work among the Indians at Chehalis, Washing-

"The old hereditary chief, Se-cenna, has a blind wife, a blind old sister, and a girl, about twelve years of age, dying of consumption. This little sickly child was the one who should lead them-the whole family-to Christ. Little Amy used to come to the Sunday-school, and gladly listened to the story of the Gospel. She desired to be baptized and to be received into the church. She seemed so very happy. Then she would lead her blind mother to church, and, becoming a faithful and regular attendant, she became converted, and, rising to her feet told all the people how the Lord Jesus had opened her eyes so that she now sees beyond the veil, and I baptized her in the presence of a large congregation, who were visibly affected. token of her submission to her Lord and Master whom she promised to follow and obey, knelt down to receive baptism. When I first met this woman, over a year ago, in her small yet tidy hut, she was in the act of trying on a partially finished calico dress, which she herself had made for her little daughter. I asked her in Chinnook who cut and baisted the dress.

She answered that she herself did it all, while Amy threaded the needles for her. The dress was, as I saw afterward, not only a good fit, but also lined. little girl then brought this old blind aunt, perhaps ninety years old, to church as often as the weather would permit, until her (the girl's) failing strength forbade her to come any longer. The old woman finally wished to accept the strong arms of Jesus to be her support in her declining years, and, believing in him and yielding herself up to him, she was baptized last Sunday before the I shall never in my lifetime forget the sight and the feeling as I saw the aged disciple, led by the hand of the elder, come forward, telling the people what led her to become a Christian, of her trust in God, and as she knelt to receive baptism with uplifted face, she seemed to see Him who sitteth on the great white throne, who would soon give her a never-ending second-sight.

"The old chief told me, as I made them all a visit the same Sunday afternoon, that he himself would resist no longer: his people were all becoming Christians and he would follow next. Proud of his ancestry and the old traditions of which he was the bearer and exponent, he hesitated to own that he was conquered by Him before whom every knee shall bend, to proclaim Him Lord of all."

Ir has been the custom of the New Orleans daily newspaper publishers to take back from the retailers the unsold copies of their papers. This has been stopped recently, because the publishers found that they were being robbed. Several dealers had established routes on which they rented the papers at reduced rates instead of se'lling them. They delivered the papers in the morning, gathered them up in the head for naughtiness, but never in any kindly manner reprimanded. After a while sold copies.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

MEASURED BY YOUR OWN YARD STICKS.

[Preached at Asheville, N. C.] Text: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Matthew

In the greatest sermon ever preached-a sermon about fifteen minutes' long, according to the ordinary rate of speech—a sermon on the Mount of Olives, the Preacher, sitting while He spoke, according to the ancient mode of oratory, the people were given to understand that the same yard stick that they employed upon others would be employed upon themselves. Measure others by a harsh rule, and you will be measured by a harsh rule. Measure others by a charitable rule and you will be measured by a charitable rule and you will be measured by a charitable. rule, and you will be measured by a charita-ble rule. Give no mercy to others, and no mercy will be given to you. "With what ble rule. Give no mercy to others, and no mercy will be given to you. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you

There is a great deal of unfairness in the criticism of human conduct. It was to smite that unfairness that Christ uttered the words of the text, and my sermon will be a re-echo of the Divine sentiment. In estimating the misbehavior of others we must take into consideration the pressure of circumstances. It is never right to do wrong, but there are degrees of culpability. When men misbehave or commit some atrocious wickedness we are disposed indiscriminately to tumble them all over the bank of conde nation. Suffer they ought and suffer they must; but in difference of degree. In the first place, in estimating the mis-

doing of others we must take into calculation the hereditary tendency. There is such a thing as good blood and there is such a thing as bad blood. There a e families that have had a moral twist in them for a hundred years back. They have not been careful to keep the family record in that regard. There keep the family record in that regard. There have been escapades and maraudings and scoundrelisms and moral deficits all the way tack, whether you call it kleptomania or pyromania or dipsomania, or whether it be in a milder form and amount to no mania at all. The strong probability is, that the present criminal stated life with nerve, muscle and bone contam nated. As some start life with a natural teadency to nobility and generosity, and kindness and truthfulness, there are others who start life with just the opposite tendency, and they are born liars, or born malcontents, or born outlaws, or born born malcontents, or born outlaws, or born

There is in England a school that is called There is in England a school that is called the Princess Mary School. All the children in that school are the children of convicts. The school is supported by high patronage. I had the pleasure of being present at one of their anniversaries in 1879, presided over by the Earl of Kintore. By a wise law in England, after parents have committed a certain number of crimes and thereby shown themselves inconverted rightly to being up their selves incompetent rightly to bring up their children, the little ones are taken from under pernicious influences and put in reformatory schools, where all gracious and kindly influ entes shall be brought upon them. Of course entes shall be orought upon them. Of course the experiment is young and it has got to be demonstrated how large a percentage of the children of convicts may be brought up to respectability and usefulness. But we all know that it is more difficult for children of good parentage to do right than for children of good parentage. of good parentage. of good parentage.

In this country we are taught by the Declaration of American Independence that all people are born equal. There never was a greater m's:epresentation put in one sentence than in that sentence which implies that we are all born equal. You may as well say that flowers are born equal or trees are

say that flowers are born equal. You may as wen say that flowers are born equal, or trees are born equal, or animals are born equal. Why does one horse cost \$100 and another horse cost \$50,000? Why does one sheep cost \$10 and another sheep \$500? Difference in blood. We are wise enough to recognize the difference of blood in horses, in cattle, in sheep, but we are not wise concept to make allow. but we are not wise enough to make allowance for the difference in the human blood. Now I demand, by the law of eternal fairness, that you be more lenient in your criticism of those who were born wrong, in whose ancestral line there was a hangman's but or who came from a tree the fruit of knot, or who came from a tree the fruit of which for centuries has been gnarled and worm-eaten. Dr. Harris, a reformer, gave some marvelous statistics in his story what he called "Marguret, the mother criminals." Ninety years ago she lived in a village in Upper New York State. She was not only poor, but she was vicious. She was not well provided for. There were no almshouses there. The public, however, somewhat looked after her, but chiefly scoffed at and derided her, pushed her further down in her crimes. That was ninety years ago.
There have been 623 persons in that ancestral line, 200 of them criminals. In one branch of that family there were twenty and nine of them have been in State Prison, and nearly all of the others have turned out badly. It is estimated that that family cost the County and State \$100,0.0, to say nothing of the propesty they destroyed. Are you not willing, as sensible people, to acknowledge that it is a fearful disaster to be born in such an ancestral line? Does it not make a great difference whether one descends from Margaret, the mother of criminals, or from some mother in Israel? Whether you are the son of Ahab or the son of Joshua! It is a very different thing to swim with the current from what it is to swim against the current, as some of you have no doubt found in your summer recreation. If a man find himan ancestral current where good blood flowing smoothly from generation to generation it is not a very great credit to him if he turns out good and honest and pure and noble. He could hardly help it. But suppose he is born in an ancestral line-in a hereditary line-where the influences have been bad and there has been a coming down over a moral declivity, if the man surrender to the influences he will go down under the overmastering gravitation unless some supernatural aid be afforded him. Now, such a person deserves not your excoriation, but your pity. Do not sit with the lip curled in sorn, an I with an assumed air of angelic innocence, looking down upon such moral precipitation. You had better get down on our knees and first pray Almighty Go their rescue, and next thank the Lord that

you have not been thrown under the wheels of that Juggernaut. In Great Britain and in the United States, in every generation, there are tens of thou-sand; of persons who are fully developed criminals and incarcerated. I say, in every generation. Then, I suppose, there are tens of thousands of persons not found out in their criminality. In addition to these there are tens of thousands of person; who, not positively becoming crimina's, nevertheless have a criminal tendency. Any one of all those thousands by the grace of God may become Christian, and resist the ancestral in uence and open a new chapter of behavior but the vast majority of them will not, and it becomes all men, professional, unpro-fessional, ministers of religion, judges of courts, philanthropists and Christian workers to recognize the fact that there are these Atlantic and Pacific surges of hereditary evil rolling on through the centuries.

I say, of course, a man can resist this tendency, just as in the ancestral line mentioned in the first chapter of Matthew. You see in the same line in which there was a wicked Rehob am and a desperate Manasses, there afterward came a pious Joseph and a glorious Christ. But, my friends, you must recognize the fact that these influences go on from generation to generation. I am glad to know, however, that a river which has pro-duced nothing but miasma for a hundred miles, may, after awhile, turn the wheels of factories and help support industrious and virtuous populations; and there are family lines which were poisoned that are a bene-diction now. At the Last Day it will be found out that there are men who have gone clear over into all forms of iniquity and dunged into utter abandonment, who, before they yielded to the first temptation, sisted more evil than many a man who been moral and upright all his life. supposing now that in this age when there are so many good people that I come down into this audience and select the very best man in it. I do not mean the man who would style himself the best, for probably he is a hypocrite; but I mean the man who before God is really the best. I will take you out from all your Christian surroundings. I will take you back to boyhood. I will put you in What a woe-begone countenance a depravel home. I will put you in a cra-dle of iniquity. Who is that bending over that cradle? An intoxicated mother. Who is that swearing in the next 1 pom! Your father. The neighbors come in to talk, and their jokes are unclean. There is not in the house a Bible or a moral treatise, but only a few scraps of an old pictorial.

After a while you are old enough to get out

you are old enough to go abroad, and you are sent out with a basket to steal. If you come home without any spoil, you are whipped until the blood comes. At fifteen years of age, you go out to fight your own battles in this world, which seems to care no more for you than the dog that has died of a fit under the fence. You are kicked and cuffed and buffeted. Some day, rallying your courage. you resent some wrong. A man says: "Who are you! I know who you are. Your father had free lodgings at Sing Sing. Your mother, she was up for at Sing Sing. Your mother, she was up for drunkenness at the Criminal Court. Get out of my way, you low-livel wretch!" My brother, suppose that had been the history of your advent, and the history of your early surroundings, would you have been the Christian assembly. I tell you nay. You would have been a vagabond, an outlaw, a murderer on the scaffold atoning for your crime. All these considerations ought to

make us merciful in our dealings with the wandering and the lost.

Again, I have to remark that in our estimate of the misdoings of prople who have fellen from high respectability and useful-ness we must take into consideration the conjunction of circumstances. In nine cases out of ten a man who goes astray does not intend any positive wrong. He has funds. He risks a part of these funds in funds. He risks a part of these funds in investment. He says; "Now, if I should lose that investment I have of my own property five times as much, and if this investment should go wrong I could easily make it up." With that wrong reasoning he goes on and makes the investment, and it does not turn out quite so well as he expected, and he makes another investment, and, strange to say, at the same time all his other affairs get entangled, and all his other resources fail, and his hands are tied. Now he wants to extricate himself. He tied. Now he wants to extricate himself. He goes a little further on in the wrong investtied. ment. He takes a plunge further ahead, for he wants to save his wife and children, he wants to save his home, he want; to save his membership in the church. He takes one more plunge and all is lost. Some morning at 10 o'clock the bank door is not opened, and there is a card on the door signal by an officer of the bank, indicating that there cer of the bank, indicating that there is trouble, the name of the defaulter or the defrauder heads the newspaper column, and hundreds of men say: "Good for him;" hundreds of men say: "Ghundreds of other men say: found out at last," hundreds of other men say: "Just a: I told you;" hundreds of other men say: "We couldn't possibly have been men say: "We couldn't possion have tempted to do that—no conjunction of circumstan 'es could ever have overthrown me;" and there is a superabundance of indignation but no pity. The heavens full of lightning but not one drop of dew. If God tion but no pity. The neavens this of ight-ning, but not one drop of dew. If God treated us as society treats that man we would all have been in hell long ago! Wait for the alleviating circumstances. Perhips he may have been the dupe of others. Be-fore you let all the hounds out from their kennel to maul and tear that man, find out if he has not been brought up in a commercial establishment where there was a wrong system of ethics taught; find out whether that man has not an extravagant wife, who is not satisfied with his honest earnings, and in the tempta-tion to p'ease her he has gone into that ruin into which enough men have fallen, and by the same temptation, to make a procession of many miles. Perhaps some sudden sickness may have touched h's brain, and his judgment may be unbalanced. He is wrong-h is awfully wrong, and he must be condemned but there may be mitigating circumstances Perhaps under the same temptation you might have fallen. The reason some men do not steal \$2,0,000 is because they do not get a chance! Have righteous indignation you must about that man's conduct, but a change: Have righted man's conduct, but temper it with mercy. But you say: "I am so sorry that the innocent should suffer." Yes, I am top—sorry for the widows and orphans who lost their all by that defalcation. I am sorry, also, for the business men, the honest business men, who have had their affairs all crippled by that defalcation. I venerable bank President to am sorry for the whom the credit of that bank was a matter of prile. Yes, I amsorry, also, for that man who brought all the distress—sorry that he sacrificed body, mind. soul, reputation, Heaven, and went into the blackness of dark-

ness forever. You defiantly sav: "I could not be tempted in that way." Perhaps you may be tested after awhile. God has a very good memory, and he sometimes seems to say: "This man and he sometimes seems to say: "This man feels so strong in his innat; power and good-ups he shall be tested; he is so full of bitter invertive against that unfortunite, it shall be whether he has the power to Fifteen years go by. fortune turns several times, and you are in a crisis that you never could have anticipated. Now, all the powers of darkness come around, ckle, and they chatter, and they say: "Aha! here is the old fe'low who was proud of his integrity. so proud of his be overthrown by bragged he couldn't be overthrown by tem; tation, and was so uproarious in his demonstrations of indignation at the defalcation fifteen years ago. Let us see. God lets tion fifteen years ago. Let us see. God lets the man go. God, who had kept that man under His protecting care, lets the man go and try for himself the majesty of his integrity. God let ing the man go, the powers of dark-ness pounce upon him. I see you some day ness pounce in great excitement. One of two things you can do. Be honest, and be cauper-ized, and have your children brought home from school, your family dethroned in social influence. The other thing is, you can step a little aside from that which is right, you can only just go ha'f an inch out of the proper path, you can only take a little risk, and then you have all your finances fair and right. You have a large property. You can leave a for-tune for your children and endow a college and build a public library in your native and build a public florary in your factive town. You halt and wait, and halt and wait until your lips get white. You decide to risk it. Only a few strokes of the pen now. But oh, how your hand trembles, how dreadfully it trembles! The die is cast. dreadfully it trembles! The die is catable by the strangest and most awful confunction of circumstances any one could have imagined, you are prostrated. Bankruptcy, commercial annihilation, exposure, crime. Good men mourn and devils hold carnival, and you see your own name at the head of the newspaper column in a whole the head of the newspaper column in a whole congress of exclamation points; and while you are reading the anathema in the reportorial and editorial paragraph, it occurs to you how much this story is like that of the defalcation fifteen years ago, and a clap of thunder shekes the window-sill, saying: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured

to you again! You look in another direction. There is nothing like an ebullition of temper to put a man to disadvantage. You, a man with calm pulses and a fine digestion and perfect calm pulses and a line discount of the health, can not understand how anybody should be capsized in temper by an infinitesimal annovance. You say: "I couldn't be mal annoyance. You say: "I couldn't be unbalanced in that way." Perhaps you smile at a provocation that makes another man swear. You pride yourself on your imperturbability. You say with your manner. turbability. You say with your manner, though you have too much good taste to say with your words: "I have a great deal more sense than that man has; I have a great deal more equipoise of temper than that man has; I never could make such a puerile exhibition nyself as that man has made.

My brother, you do not realize that that man was born with a keen nervous organization; that for forty years he has been under a depleting process; that sickness and trouble have been helping undo what was left of original healthfulness; that much of his time it has been with him like filing saws: that his nerves have come to be merely tangle of disorders, and that he is the mos tangle of disorders, and that he is die holds pittable object on earth, who, though he is very sick, does not look sick, and nobody sympathizes. Let me see, Did you not say that you could not be tempted to an ebullition of temper? Since September you come home from your summer watering-place, and you have inside, away back in your liver or spleen, what we call in our day malaria, but what the old folks called chills and fever. You take quinine until your ears are first buzzing beehives and then roaring Niagaras. You take roots and herbs, you tak Niagaras. You take roots and herbs, you take everything. You get well. But the next day you feel uncomfortable, and you yawn, and you stretch, and you shiver, and you consume, and you suffer. Vexed more than you can tall you can not sleep. same, and you suffer. Vexel more than you can tell, you can not sleep, you can not eat, you can not bear to see anything that looks happy, you go out to kick the cat that is asleep in the sun. Your children's mirth was once music to you. was once music to you; now it is deafening. You say: "Boys, stop that racket!" You turn back from June to March. In the family neighborhood your popularity is the matter with that disagresable man; What a woe-begone countenance! I can't bear the sight of him." You have got your pay at last—got your pay. You feel just as the man felt—that man for whom you had no mercy, and my text comes in with marvelous appositeness: "With what measure ye mate it shall be measured to work again." mete, it shall be measured to you again."

In the study of society I have come to this conclusion—that the most of the people want to be good, but they do not exactly know be good, but they make enough good what in the make it out. They make enough good what in the make enough good. The resolutions to lift them into angelhood.

ambuscade. If their temptation should come out in a regiment and light them in a fair field they would go out in the strength, and the triumph of David against Goliah. But they do not see the giants and they do not see the regiment. Suppose temptation should come up to a man and say: "Here is alcohol; take three tablespoonfuls of it a day, until you get dependent upon it; then after that take half a glass three times a day, until you get dependent upon that amount; then go on increasing the amount until you are saturated from morning until night and from night until morning." Do you suppose any night until morning." Do you suppose any man would become a drunkard in that way? Oh, no! Temptation comes and says: "Take these bitters, take this nervine, take this aid take this night-cap." The vast majority of men and women who are destroyed by opium and by rumfirst take them as medicines. In making up your dish of criticism in regard to them, take from the caster the cruet of sweet oil and not the cruet of cayenne pepper. Be easy on them. Do you know how that physician, that lawyer, you know how that physician, that lawyer, that journalist became the victim of dissipation? Why, the physician was kept up night by night on professional duty. Life and death hovered in the balance. His nervous system was exhausted. There came a time of epidemic and whole families were prostruted, and his nervous strength was gone. He was all worn out in the service of the public. Now he must braze himself up. Now he stimulates. The life of this mother, the life of this whole family must be saved, and the lives of all these families must be saved, and he stimulates, and he does it again and the lives of all these families must be saved, and he stimulates, and he does it again and again. You may criticise his judgment, but remember the process. It was not a selfish process by which he went down. It was a magnificent generosity through which he fell. That attorney at the bar for weeks has been standing in a poorly ventilated courtroom, listening to the testimony and contesting in the dry technicalities of the law, and now the time has come for him to wind up, and he must plead for the life of his client. and his nervous system is all gone. If he fails in that speech then his client perishes. If he can have eloquence enough in that hour his client is saved. He stimulates. He must keep up. He sa must keep up." Having a large practic see how he is inthralled. You may criticise his judgment, but remember the process. Do not be hard. That journalist has had exnot be hard. That journalist has had exhausting midnight work. He has had to report speeches and orations that keep bim up till a very late hour. He has gone with much exposure working up some case of crime in company with a letective. He sits down at midnight to write out his notes from a memorandum scrawled on a pad under unfavorable circumstances. His strength is gone. Fidelity to the public intelligence, fidelity to his own livelihood, demands that he keep up. He must keep up. He stimu ates. Again and again he does that, and he goes down. You may criticise his judgment in the matter, but have mercy. Remember the process. Do not be hard.

ambuscade. If their temptation should

not be hard. My friends, this text will come to fulfillment in some cases in this world. The huntsman in Farmsteen was shot by some inknown person. Twenty years after the and he accidentally shot a man, and the man in dying said: "God is just. I shot your an aying said: "God is just. I shot your father just here twenty years ago." A bishop said to Louis XI. of France: "Make an iron cage for all those who do not think as we do—an iron cage in which the do-an iron cage in which the captive can neither lie down nor stand straight "p." It was fashioned—the awful instrument of punishment. After awhile the Bishop offended ishment. After awhile the Bishop offended Louis XI., and for fourteen years he was in that same cage, and could neither lie down nor stand up. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." "Oh, my friends, let us be resolved to sold less and pray more! That which in the Bible is used as the symbol of all gradious influences is the dove, not the portupine. We may so unskillfully manage the life-boat that we shall run down those whom we want to rescue. The first preparation for Christian usefulness is warm-hearted common sense, prac-

fulness is warm-hearted common sense, prac tical sympathy for those whom we want to save. What headway will we make in the Judgment if in this world we have been hard on those who have gone astray! What head-way will you and I make in the last Great Judgment, when we must have mercy or perish! The Bible says; "They shall have judg-ment without mercy that showeth no mercy." ment without mercy tune saying up into I see the scribes of Heaven looking up into the face of such a man, saying: "What! you plead for mercy, you, who in all your life never had any mercy on your fellows? Don't you remember how hard you were in your opinions of those who were astray! Don't you remember when you ought to have given a helping hand you employed a hard heel? Look," says the scribes of heaven, "look at that inscription over the Throne of July-ment, the Throne of God's Judgment." See it coming out letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, until your startled vision reads it and your remorseful spirit appropriates it: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Depart,

ve cursed!

ABOUT six months ago, says a Washington correspondent, a man giving his name as James Eustace secured an audience with Secretary Lamar. He asked the Secretary if he remembered having lost a pocketbook containing notes and money to the amount of sev-Representative from Mississippi. The Secretary replied that he did. Eustace then said: "Do you further remember telling the finder of the pocketbook that if he wanted a favor he would not have to call upon you in vain? Well, I am the man to whom you made that promise. I have been unfortunate since then and need employment badly." The Secretary told him to report for duty the following morning, and gave him a place on the laborers' roll at \$840 a year. The incident found its way into print, and came to the knowledge of James M. Martin, of Springfield, Mo. Last week Secretary Lamar received a letter from Martin denouncing Eustace as an impostor. He said Eustace was one of his neighbors, and had often heard him tell the story of finding the Secretary's money and the

his dismissal from the department. "COUSIN BEN" FOLSOM IS IN Umaha looking after the Folsom estate in that city, which is worth from \$350,000 to \$500,000. The Omaha Bee reports him as thinking of hiring a secretary and teeping a scrap-book. "Some of these paragraphs are very funny," said Mr. Folsom, "but the one that accuses me of wearing a scarfpin as big as a half dollar with a red rooster with green feathers is a monstrous exaggeration. You can say 'officially' that I have too much taste to wear a scarfpin of that size. Here is the pin. You will see that it is no larger than a ten-cent piece, and is simply a Florentine mosaic."

THE natives of New Britain, an island in the Pacific, have a custom of caging their daughters until they reach the marrying age. This plan saves a deal of trouble and expense, as may be seen at a glance. There are no elopements in New Britain, and there are no bankruptcies by reason of heavy demands for spring bonnets. In fact, the natives make very parsimonious use of clothing, wearing but a narrow cloth about their loins, They would make vast majority of people who fall are the victims of circumstances; they are captured by splendid cigarette photographs.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

Due to Drink.

The author of "Our Criminals and Christianity," Mr. W. M. F. Round, states that in the State of New York last year we had in prisons, jails, penitentiaries, and other penal institutions an aggregate of 15,690 persons, and that this is an increase of thirty-three per cent. over the estimated criminal population of 1880, while in the same period the population of the State has increased but about twenty per cent. At least threefourths of this criminal aggregate may be traced directly or indirectly to strong drink. As a factor of crime the liquor license system is a "success."- Temperance Adrocate.

Results of Local Option.

The Atlanta Constitution gives notes from some of the Prohibition counties of Georgia, as follows: Prohibition went into effect in Pierce County on April 1, 1880, or six years ago.) [The year previous, the total valuation of real estate for the county was \$544,283; last year it was \$795,680, or an increase of over sixty per cent. At the same time, the county tax has been reduced from fifty-two and one-half on the hundred to thirty-five cents. The county is free from debt, and has several hundred dollars in the treasury. The merchants, citizens, and Board of Commissioners of Hartwell, in Hart county. testify, over their signatures, to the following facts: "The morals and social habits of the people have been most remarkably improved. The religious sentiment among the people has grown in strength and influence. The farm-houses in our county hear the marks of improvement, and everybody is by common consent united and striving for the interest and progress of the county. The trade of our own town has improved, and is growing better every day. The money that was once wasted for liquor is now spent for home comforts." Eighty business firms of La Grange unite in this testimony: "The antis said prohibition would ruin our town, but since its adoption about \$150,-000 have been permanently invested; twenty new houses now going up, ro vacant stores or residences, and our town greatly improved. Our people unanimous as to good done by it morally and financially." The Clerk of the Court estifies that the list of signatures to this leclaration includes all the businesshouses in the city, with two or three exceptions. - Christian Statesman.

Effects of the Traffic.

We find that all drinking is dangerous even "moderate" drinking. There is no habit that so insensibly steals upon a man and makes him its slave. The grave has uncounted thousands of "moderate" drinkers who died of rum-base, abject victims of the terrible thirst which overpowered them. To the body it is a poison. It ruins the nerves, it enfeables the brain, it d st oys the stomach and digas tion; it poisons the liver, it destroys the Mercy! You must misspeak yourself tion; it poisons the liver, it destroys the when you plead for mercy here. kidneys; it bloats and disfigures a man, Mercy for others but no mercy for you. it ruins his skin by blotching and red dening it. It shortens life, even where it does not kill outright. To the moral nature, it is equally as great an evil. It deadens all sense of right and wrong. It inflames the passions, and leads directly to crime. It makes a man forget his duty to his parents, his wife, his children; it destroys his usefulness as a citi.en, as a contributor to the wealth and natural prosperity of the nation. It is an evil to a man, and no less an evil to the State. It is the most potent factor in filling our jails and penitentiaries and insane asylums. It increases our taxes eral thousand dollars in 1874, while a for all these things, and for the support of almshouses filled with the helpless wives and children of these victims of rum. It is evil to all, and nothing but evil .- Toledo Blade.

Decreased Consumption. There has been a decrease of revenue in the United Kingdom during the last ten years of some £4,500,090 in the amount received from the tax on spirits, which is interpreted to mean that the people drink less liquor than they used to. If they should stop drinking a together, the National Treasury would be bankrupted in short order. If, at the same time, the consumers who buy Indian opium should reform, the finances of the Hindoo end of the Empire would collapse. If the use of tobacco should suddenly cease also, Her Majesty's Government would scarcely know where to latter's promise. Eustace has received | get its next meal, so to speak. It thus appears that Eng'and's public financial prosperity depends mainly on what some moralists would call the vices of her neople. We de not live in an edifice adapted for the throwing of stones in this particular, but we are not quite so badly off as England. As it is rather s difficult matter for her to make ends meet now, temperance reform becomes a subject of some importance to the budget statesmen .- World.

Temperance Notes.

General Neal Dow is writing a history of alcoholic prohibition.

The W. C. T. U. has rightly been called "organized mother love."

Francis Murphy has planned a blue ribbon campaign in Iowa in September. The Swedish Riksdag has granted a

subsidy of 8,000 crowns for the promption of temperance by means of literature dealing with the effects of the use of alcoholic liquors. The boycotters in New York are now

trying their hand at boycotting a particular brand of beer. If they could be induced to boycott beer altogether, and pay the beer money into the household treasury or the saving; bank, their sp'een would be turned to good account .-Philadelphia Record.

THE COAL MINER.

PRIVATIONS AND PLEASURES OF ANTHRACITE WORKERS.

The Houses They Live In-A Miner's Outfit-What they Earn-Preparing for a Blast-Miners' Amusements.

Dotted along the hillsides and the val-

leys of the anthracite area of Pennsylvania, says a Scranton letter to the Philadelphia Times, are thousands of modest little homes, around whose porches the roses are blooming and in whose adjacent gardens the traces of industry and good taste are visible in these golden days. Some of these dwellings are only a single story, but the majority of them are two stories high. They are cosy frame buildings, erected for accommoda tion rather than comfort, yet combining both, and around the doors of many o them and under the friendly shade of the fruit trees that throw their cool shadows across the walks are heard the voices of children, whose merry prattle is fatal to anarchism and all other isms that aim at the destruction of love and home and hope and religion. As a gen eral thing, the miners have large families, and while their tables do not boast of many of life's luxuries, they manage to get a moderate share of such substantial fare as pork and cabbage, potatoes and beefsteak, with an occasional pie. The majority of them now find it a difficult matter to feed themselves and their families. It requires no small degree of tact, at the present rate of earning, to pay the monthly store bills, to say nothing of clothing and the other necessities of life. And yet the output of coal is large.

When business is brisk seven or eight hours constitute a miner's working day, while the laborers work ten hours or more per day. On full time a miner earns from \$2.50 to \$2.75 a day, and he is fortunate just now if his earnings average \$1.25 to \$1.50. Under favorable circumstances, and with pienty of work, laborer earns \$1.75 a day generally, but what is called "the day shift" generally go to work at 7 o'clock in the morning. and those employed in the mines at night, or on the "night shift," begin their tasks at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The food of the miner and his family generally consists of plain, substantial fare, meat of some kind being used invariably once a day. Much of this meat is bacon or "shoulder," which is bought because it is cheaper than "butchers' meat." This is the staple article of diet and it is supplemented by bread, potatoes, cabbage, when in season, and a good deal of sal fish and cheese. These constitute the main articles of food on a miner's table, but when work is steadier and pay better the love of luxury extends to an occasional cake or pie. Some of the miners, although they are the exceptions to the general rule, are so fortunately situated as to be able to raise their own pork, and at their tables meat is not as scarce as it is with those who depend for the necessaries and comforts of life on their slender

earnings. The miner's outfit requires in the first place a coarse suit of clothing. If the working place is wet an oiled suit similar to that worn by sailors is essential with a broad sou'wester hat and heavy hob-nailed boots. The hat is generally provided with a place for holding the lamp in front while the miner is at work. The miner also must have a drill -generally six or seven feet long and tipped with about six inches of steel. Recent inventions have improved on this primitive method of making room for successor. the blast that brings down the anthracite, and a patent augur does duty in many places at present for the cumbersome drill and is much handier. The outfit of the miner includes an oil-can, a mining-lamp, wicks for the latter, a dinner pail and a pail for coffee or water. The blasting materials consist of powder served in twenty-five-pound kegs or in prepared cartridges. When the former is used the miner makes up his own charges and uses water-proof paper for the purpose. The ready-made cartridges are supplied in fire-proof cases.

In preparing for a blast a steel needle about five or six feet long is inserted in the charge, which is tamped close, after which the needle is withdrawn and a straw or squib inserted in the hole thus made for the purpose of igniting the explosive. In gaseous mines touch squibs are employed to fire the blast, as a flame would be specially dangerous. All these fine points must be under stood by the miner to carry on his work successfully: but careful as he is, grea

accidents that startle the country and fill whole communities with woe sometimes occur. 'To this class of mining horrors belong the disasters at Avondalc, West Pittston and Nanticoke, all of comparatively recent occurrence, and the Carbondale mine "cave-in" of nearly thirty years ago, which is still remembered vividly by some of the older miners of the Lackawana Valley. A disaster that takes twenty or forty precious lives at a single swoop is naturally remembered with terror, but the misce laneous deaths that are caused by fall of roof and explosions of fire damp in a single year are not less appalling. The death list in the coal regions is terribly augmented every year by the fatalities in the mines, and the long array of widows and orphans who are thus suddenly deprived of the means of support is something pitiful to contemplate.

The pleasures in the life of the miner are of a primitive sort. Occasionally during the dramatic season he may witness one of the many plays that travel or hear comic opera. He likes a good lecture or speech and has a good deal of respect for the man who can talk common sense backed by conviction. As a general thing the hard-working class of men like frankness. They don't appreciate duplicity or the political diplomacy that keeps the word of promise to the ear and breaks it to the hope. In the picnic season the miner, if he has the time, cnjoys himself most. He believes in simple pleasures and will take a glass of beer occasionally unless he is a strict temperance man. There is not a great deal of drinking among the miners these times and a good many of them are members of various temperance organizations. They keep a close watch on the progress of public questions and the movements of public men and are careful readers of the newspapers. Many of the miners along the Lackawanna Valley own the little homes they live in and if work was more abundant they would be happy, as they are a thirfty, industrious class, and, while generous almost to a fault, are not

A few months ago a paper was started at Heber, Ark., and named Oh, Pshaw! The salutatory was: "I'll monkey with this thing awhile.—The Editor." Recently it expired, and here is its dying gasp: "Valedictory: The monkey ceases

by any means extravagant.

Onicksilver.

Quicksilver forms a part of a soft, red rock called cinnabar, composed of mercury and sulphur. The cinnabar is crushed and exposed to the heat, when the metal, in form of vapor, passes into a vessel suitable for the purpose, where it is cooled. Then, being reduced to its liquid state, it is pure and fit for use.

When men working in the mines heat the rocks, the quicksilver will sometimes roll out in drops as large as a pigeon's egg, and fall on the ground in a million sparkling globules. It is said to be very beautiful against the dark, red rock, glittering everywhere with this "living silver," while every crack and crevice is also filled with it.

Just as wood floats on water because it is lighter, so large stones thrown into s kettle of mercury would float on top, it is so much more heavy a substance than the stone.

There are only four important localities where it is obtained-California, Peru, Austria, and Almaden, in Spain. The nearest mines to us are those in California. The mines in Peru were discovered in a curious manner. Cinnabar, when ground very fine, makes a beautiful red paint. The Indians used this to ornament their bodies on great occasions. This caused the country where they lived to be examined, and the cinnabar was found. The Romans used this paint hundreds of years ago in decorating their images. It is of great value now in our times, and we call it vermillion. This wonderful quicksilver is very use-

ful in separating metals from the rocks to which they cling. The rocks are crushed fine, sifted, and washed until as much of the gold and silver is removed as possible. Then it is placed in a bot-tle with the quicksilver, which seems to absorb it at once, separating it entirely from every particle of sand or rock. If the metal to be cleansed is gold, you will see a yellowish mass of a sort of paste or amalgam. This is heated, and the mercury or quicksilver flies away, leaving behind it pure gold.

Although mercury is so useful in many ways, it is also a deadly poison, and its vapor so dangerous that in the search for it many persons have lost their lives. Not many years ago the mines of Aushe does not earn much more than 75 cents | tria took fire, and 1,300 workmen were a day at present. The men employed on poisoned, many of them dying in consequence; and the water used to quench the flames, pumped into a river near by, caused all the fish in the river to die.

Have you ever seen mercury carried about? It is put in sheepskin bags and cast iron bottles. It is so heavy that instead of an ordinary cork, an iron stopper is used-screwed in!

Sometimes these bags do sad havoc, as in the case of a storage of several in the hold of a ship bringing it to this country. Some of the bags leaked. Everybody on board was poisoned. Every bit of metal was covered with a silver coating of quicksilver.

McClellan and Burnside.

Among the accounts from various oints of view of the Battle of Fradericksburg, in the Century, is one by General D. N. Couch, from which we quote as follows: "Toward evening, on the 8th of November, 1862, at Warrenton, McClellan rode up to Burnside's headquarters to say that he had been relieved of the command of the army. Burnside replied:

"I am afraid it is bad policy; very, very, very!'

"It was just at dark. I had dismounted, and, standing there in the snow, was superintending the camparrangements of my troops, when McClellan came up with his staff, accompanied by General Burnside. McClellan drew in his horse, and the first thing he said was:

"Couch, I am relieved from the command of the army, and Burnside is my

"I stepped up to him and took hold of his hand, and said: 'General McClellan, I am sorry for it.' Then, going around the head of the horse to Burnside, I said: 'General Burnside, I congratulate

"Burnside heard what I said to General McClellan; he turned away his head, and made a broad gesture as he exclaimed:

"Couch, don't say a word about it." "His manner indicated that he did not wish to talk about the change; that he thought it wasn't good policy to do He told me so, nor the place to do it. afterward that he did not like to take the command, but that he did so to keep it from going to somebody manifestly unfit for it. I assumed that he meant Hooker. Those of us who were well acquainted with Burnside knew that he was a brave, loyal man, but we did not think he had the military ability to com-

mand the Army of the Potomac. "McClellan took leave on the 10th. Fitz John Porter sent notes to the corps commanders, informing them that Mc-Clellan was going away, and suggesting that we ride around with him. Such a scene as that leave-taking had never been known in our army. Men shed. tears and there was great excitement

among the troops.
"I think the soldiers had an idea that McClellan would take care of them; wouldn't put them in places where they would be unnecessarily cut up; and if a general has the confidence of his men he is pretty strong. But officers and men were determined to serve Burnside

The Shying Horse. Why does a horse shy? asks the Live-

Stork Journal. Because he sees something which he does not understand, and is filled with a greater or less degree of fear, something as the boy feels when he shys at the burying-ground and goes around to keep clear of it. It may be some new or unusual object that the horse sees, or it may be an imperfect view of it. Even a familiar object, if it comes to view suddenly and unexpectedly will cause a horse to shy or jump, just as an unexpected object or sound causes a nervous person to start. When a person is so startled, how much would it improve the matter to be scolded at or given a cut with the whip? Just as much as the same treatment would in the case of the horse. Harshness only aggravates the matter. The more the horse is scolded and whipped the more nervous he gets, and every time he passes the place where the fright and whipping occurred he will recollect the unpleasant affair, and he will begin to prick up his ears, and fidget, ready for another jump. Give him the lines and he will go by in a hurry. The proper way is never to strike or scold a horse that is startled or frightened. Speak to him coolly, calmly and kindly; give him time to see and collect his scattered senses, and make him feel that you are his friend and protec.or. When he sees that all is right, there is an end to all further trouble. We have seen a horse refuse to cross an unsafelooking bridge, but when the driver took him by the bits and walked ahead, the horse cautiously followed. Next time he required no coaxing or urging to cross the bridge. He might have been whip ed into it at first, but was not the milder course, although a little trouble, the better one? The horse showed his confidence in the driver ever afterward.